

## At Dusk

Starved wolves and bears slink away  
from large, silent men in goggles,  
machine guns lashed to their backs,  
who zigzag skiis between still pines  
to stare across a northern border  
at one another.

While in a country nearer the sun,  
the old people of a wine village  
walk after supper to a small park  
to watch carousal lights go around  
and listen to its music and listen  
to descendants.

How does any philosopher ever sleep?

## The Guest

If one day you are walking along  
and suddenly decide to ring the bell  
of a lower front flat near the center  
of the city, and you do, and a woman  
in a paisley housedress answers, asks  
what you want and you can't think of  
anything to say, just stand there  
until finally she smiles, says you  
must be Margie's friend and Margie  
ain't home yet from whatchacallit,  
beauty school, come inside and wait,  
and you walk into a coffiny parlor,  
nod at a chairbound old crone who  
smells like wet carpets, sit paging  
Life for May 7, 1963 and listening  
to the paisley woman wonder from  
the kitchen whether you've ate yet  
and enjoy sauerkraut -- and as you  
say no you haven't and yes you do,  
although you hate it, the door opens  
and a girl in white with improbably-  
colored hair, gum, and a rather nice  
figure comes in, says hi and you say  
hi and start to introduce yourself  
when you hear the housedress coming,  
ask instead to use the bathroom,  
follow the shrug and forefinger  
into the dining room (nodding at  
the paisley on the way), then duck